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# THE CREMONA

With which is incorporated

## 'THE VIOLINIST,' A Record of the String World.

*Edited by J. Nicholson-Smith.*

*Publishers: The Sanctuary Press, Surrey Chambers, No. 11, Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane, E.C.*

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Vol. II, No. 23.

October 17th, 1908.

Price TWOPENCE.

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### Art of the Month.

On September 18th, the Queen Hall orchestra gave some very fine readings of the 'Leonora No. 1' overture, the Symphony No. 5 in C minor, Gluck's 'Alceste,' and Auber's 'Le Cheval de Bronze.' However, the gem of the evening was found in Beethoven's 'Trio in C,' for two oboes and cor anglais, given by H. de Busscher, E. C. Dubrucq, and H. H. Stanislaus, whose playing was delightful to listen to for its crisp and neat execution. Arthur Beckwith and Warwick-Evans might have secured a more pleasing interpretation of Brahms's Concerto in A minor for violin and 'cello if their tonal effects and attack had been more accurate.

An added interest was given to the reappearance of Miss Marie Hall in London, at St. James's Hall, by the inclusion in her programme of the Violin Concerto by Goldmark. It is much in the style of Mendelssohn, and has an attractive middle section consisting of an 'Air,' strongly suggesting a Corelli adagio, but with individual differences, and a sparkling Finale, into which an effective cadenza is introduced. The programme was varied by pianoforte solos given in a responsive manner by Miss Louie Basche, who also joined Miss Hall in a somewhat rhythmic reading of the Rondo Brillante of Schubert, and accompanied her.

Musical activity in London has developed to an extraordinary extent in recent years, but the movement has left an important branch in the art, concerted chamber music, in a no better position than before. The credit of keeping this art-form before the public is due

mainly to subscription societies, of which the Strings Club is a type. This society, which has for its object the providing of concerts of the best chamber music, opened its season at Salle Erard with Beethoven's F major quartet, op. 18, No. 1 Brahms's Trio in C major, op. 87, and Haydn's D Major quartet, op. 64, No. 5. The string players were Messrs. Alfred Gibson, Wynn Reeves, Alfred Hobday, and W. E. Whitehouse; Miss Fanny Davies contributed the pianoforte part in Brahms's Trio. The next concert is announced for November 2, when the programme will include chamber music by Mendelssohn, Beethoven and Brahms.

### Auction Prices.

ON Wednesday, September 23rd, 1908, at Messrs. Glendining & Co.'s Galleries, 7, Argyll Street, Oxford Circus, W., the following prices were realized:—

*Violins by—*

A fine old violin, with bow, £4 5s., a fine old violin £3 7s. 6d., Bernardel £6, a fine old violin £5 5s., J. B. Guadagnini, with bow, £40, an Italian violin, labelled Carlo Bergonzi, with bow, £11 5s., a fine old violin, labelled Paolo Albani, with bow, £4 7s. 6d., Sebastian Klotz £5 12s. 6d., a Klotz violin, with bow, £6, Joseph Rocca £6 10s., a fine old Italian violin £6 15s., Sebastian Klotz £14 15s., an old English violin £4 7s., 6d., A. Smillie £4 15s., a fine old Italian violin £28, Nicholas £5 10s., a fine old violin £5, Guadagnini £7 15s., a fine old English violin, with Mr. G. A. Charnot's certificate, £10 10s., a fine old French tenor, by Bassot, £8 5s.



*'Cellos by—*

A fine old 'cello, branded Turner, £7 15s., Peter Walmsley, with bow, £12 10s., Fidele Barnia £5, a fine old 'cello £4 7s. 6d., Voiret £8.

An Italian viola, with bow, £5 5s.

## Three Choirs Festival.

**A**T Worcester, Sir Charles Stanford conducted a performance of his 'Stabat Mater,' a work which is amongst the best the composer has given us. It is striking in the way it illustrates in modern music the words and sentiments of the old Latin hymn. As a musical picture of the grief of the Virgin and her sorrowing companions that assemble at Calvary, this symphonic cantata is graphic and of musical, as well as dramatic, interest. The instrumental portions, the prelude and intermezzo, were well done, and the chorus work was, on the whole carefully sung.

Beethoven's Violin Concerto followed, with Mischa Elman as the soloist. It is a question if such a performance was suitable in a cathedral, as the display by an artist, however brilliant he may be, of a work which, in its final section, at least, is of a distinctly bucolic character, seems hardly in keeping, and somewhat incongruous, coming as it did after a 'Stabat Mater,' and followed by an equally solemn work, 'Everyman.' There was no question about the quality of the performance, as Mischa Elman played with the brilliant executive and artistic power which always marks his playing, and he was well supported by the orchestra.

## Impressions.

By OLGA RACSTER.

Miss Maud Allen and Mendelssohn's  
'Spring Song.'

Untwisting all the chains that tie,  
The hidden soul of harmony.

**T**HE human body is such a sensitive organism that few of us can pass through a day without receiving 'Impressions' as varied as the colours on a painter's palette. People, letters, books, plays, the common crowd, are full of potent influences. One might say that they form the ingredients of the elixir brewed by the muses for the delectation of the poet and the scribe, who, as soon as they have drunk, rush off, one to his Pegasus, and the other to

sedate Mistress Prose. Sometimes the God-sent liquid conjures up a superlative Cameo, such, for instance, as Miss Allen's dancing. When this is the case, the Casket of Memories Impressions opens wide to receive it, and hold it fast.

Personally, Miss Allen's dancing will always be shrined amongst my store of precious Cameos. Yet, in spite of this, it would be impossible to adequately describe what it was that attracted me. It would need a pen inclined with the colours and delicate touch of a Bottecilli, or a Murillo, or an Angelica Kauffmann, for her dancing embodies all the ephemeral qualities that glowed from these artists' brushes. First and foremost, it is rhythm, undulating, circling, pulsative rhythm, the thing that has rolled along the ages, dividing the definite from the indefinite, giving to us to-day all the poetry of motion known to the ancient Greeks and Romans, and their predecessors.

The question involuntarily suggests itself, 'What would Plato say could he occupy a stall one night at the Palace Theatre and see this dancing?' In all probability he would smile dryly and remark that 'Art has stood still since my day. My words are not forgotten.' Not so, most learned Athenian. Time has not been idle. He has wrung the changes. He has twirled his wheel of Fate for over two thousand years since you preached ethics to the youths of Athens. He has only brought us round to an old spoke again, and slyly revived the spirit of the past in Miss Allen. But this is diving for the origin of her dancing, and nobody really cares about the roots of things. It is but an attitude of mind. I don't believe anyone really cares how old the world is when they see a bit of hawthorn against the sky, or why the stars stand still, when the harvest moon bathes the land. It is there, and its good, and all the speculations in the universe fade away beside the absorbing joy of life to be lived. Things to be felt and heard. Sympathies to be stirred so that one is able to feel in an instant, when Miss Allen's hands tell us so, that

Spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing soil.

It's good to know it, and it's good to watch those wonderful hands that breathe and live. It is they that paint the sweet simplicity of Mendelssohn's 'Spring Song.' It is they that cry out the moment her figure emerges from the back ground of classical severity.

Haste thee nymph and bring with thee,  
Jests and youthful jollity.

At once the 'Mountain Nymph of Saint Liberty' revels and sports 'with Amaryllis in



the shade,' or 'plays with Maerashair.' The banquet of spring delicacies come to life. Here are

Meadows trim with daisies pied,  
Shallow brooks with rivers wide,

And the 'wrapt soul sitting in her eyes,' tells of the

Towers and battlements it sees,  
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,  
Where, perhaps, some beauty lies,  
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.

Yes, spring, the mad piper, leads the way,  
we must follow in the wake of his magical music. We must on

By shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

On and up where

Nature's heart  
Beats strong amid the hills.

Then down into the valley, where we can say with Byron

There is pleasure in the pathless woods,  
There is rapture in the lonely shore,  
There is society where none intrudes,  
By the deep sea, and music in its roar,  
I love not man the less, but Nature more.

But stop. It is not always spring. Life must have its touch of pessimism, and those hands and eyes, in brief flashes, warn us that chill autumn will come and blot out the time.

When daisies pied, and violets blue,  
And lady-smocks all silver white,  
And cuckoo birds of yellow hue,  
Do paint the meadows with delight.

The suggestion is but a momentary one, but it throws up the joys of spring all the more when we plunge into it again. Then all too soon the classic figure fades away from view into the back-ground, leaving behind it a sense of atmospheric lightness, and a feeling that we have seen one of the figures from Romano's 'Dance of Apollo with the Muses' come to life.

### Song.

Love me, Beloved! for my heart is lonely,  
Like sculptured niche wanting the statue's grace;

For thee I live; I pay thee homage only.

Thy smile to one is as a still embrace.

Thy spirit holds my spirit in its keeping.

My life is bound in thine for weal or woe.  
Into what depths of darkness, and of weeping  
I pass, unless thou bless the way I go.

Love me Beloved! Be my star all glowing,  
Be my soul's joy—my sun, my moon, my all

Like to a fountain full and overflowing,  
May Love's sweet benison upon me fall!

E. A. HILL.

## 'The Violinist.'

### Sarasate.

Born at Pampeluna, March 10, 1844.

Died at Biarritz, September 20, 1908.

By A. R.

IN 1861, the same year in which Patti was first heard at Covent Garden, Sarasate made his *début* in London. This year he was to have come again, but Fate decreed otherwise, and his farewell visit was made in 1906.

The death of the famous virtuoso was entirely unexpected, although he had been suffering from neurasthenia. In fact, only a few days before the 20th, he was present at a concert at the Casino.

Pablo Martin Meliton de Sarasate, like Neruda (Lady Hallé) and Joachim, appeared first as a child prodigy, aged six, at Corunna. When he was ten he played before the Court at Madrid with such success, that Queen Isabelle presented him with a fine Antonio Stradivari violin, which he frequently spoke of as his wife, for he never married. The instrument was one of those brought from the Royal Chapel at Naples by Charles III, and Vuillaume made a copy of it, which Sarasate occasionally used at rehearsals.

After studying some time at Madrid, under Manuel Rodriguez, on New Year's Day, 1856, Sarasate entered the Paris Conservatoire, where he immediately gained the high esteem of Alard. The three years spent there under this illustrious master, in this congenial atmosphere, were all important ones for the future virtuoso. He worked hard, as we learn from his reply to some impertinent enquiries as to the secret of his success: 'six hours a day since I was twelve.' In 1857 (*i.e.*, in one year) he secured the first prize of the violin class at the Conservatoire. He also gained the first prize in *solfege*. For a short time he studied harmony under Reber, and gained the first accessit at the age of 14. But he gave all up for a concert career. His prodigious success in this is well known, and it is said that his income was nearly £10,000 per annum, and that he was the most travelled living violinist.

Honours were, of course, showered on him, including the Grand Cross of Isabella Catolica, with which he was personally invested by Queen Maria Christina, giving him the title of Excellency, Legion of Honour,

Red Eagle of Prussia (3rd class), White Eagle of Weimar, the Order of Dessau, the Christ of Portugal, the Danebrook of Denmark, the Knighthood of the Royal Order Carlos III, etc., etc. Works which have become famous, certainly in part because of his invaluable aid, were written for him, *e.g.*, Max Bruch's 2nd Concerto (in D minor), Lalo's 'Symphonie Espagnole.'

We owe much to Queen Isabella for her encouragement of Sarasate, for not only did she give him the fine Stradivari, but she assisted him financially during his early years. His father was a bandmaster in an artillery regiment, then stationed at Galicia, and this friendly assistance must have been very welcome. At Paris, Mme. Lassabathie received him into her house, and took the greatest interest in him. In addition to the Queen's pension, Sarasate was in receipt of other financial aid from the Countess de Mina, and from the Provincial Council at Navarre.

At the age of twelve Sarasate set out for Paris with his mother, but unfortunately she had contracted cholera, and died at Bayonne *en route*.

Rossini, who then resided in Paris, also gave Sarasate his cordial encouragement, and his autograph portrait testifies to his affection. It is inscribed 'Au Jeune Sarasate geant par le talent, dont la modestie double le charme.' The assistance he had received rendered him independent of lesson or concert-giving to earn a subsistence. But it also had the effect of making him undesirous of founding a school of playing. He never took pupils, and said that he would only play when, whose and what he wished, regarding it, rightly, as absurd for an artist to be forced to play to order.

In 1859 he left the Conservatoire to enter into the concert platform, and it was about this time that he met the struggling pianist Bruch, with whom he toured in Germany. In 1861 we hear of him first in London, but no very special notice seems to have been taken of him by the Crystal Palace audience, and he returned to Paris to follow his studies till 1868, when he accepted M. Allmann's offer for a tour through Austria, Roumania and Constantinople, with Carlotta Patti. With this lady he also went to the States and S. America, returning to Paris in 1872. In 1873 he visited Belgium, Holland and Switzerland, and in 1874 his first real appearance in London (under Ella) was made. From that time he became a firm favourite with concert-going London folk. Two years later, at Frankfort, he met his accompanist,

Otto Goldschmidt. From 1876 to 1892, Sarasate gave over 1,300 concerts, and visited every worthy capital.

How well one remembers the charming series of concerts given by him at the old St. James's Hall, under the conductorship of the late Sir William Cusins, and, later, those others which he gave with Mme. Bertha Marx. This lady seemed to understand the Spaniard's temperament exactly, and fine ensemble playing was the result.

In 1885, Sarasate introduced Mackenzie's 'Pibroch Suite,' for violin and orchestra, at the Birmingham Festival. This is an extremely difficult work, full of Scottish idiom and national character. Yet Sarasate played it with consummate ease, and introduced it into various countries afterwards. The music of Saint-Saëns and Lalo never has had a finer exponent than Sarasate, but his rendering of the last movement of the Mendelssohn Concerto, which set a fashion for merely dexterous pace, left much to be desired. However, one easily forgave him for his exquisite performances of the Andante movement.

It has been stated in several places that his repertoire was immense, and so forth. It was in reality, not at all large for an artist of his capabilities, and it was only late in life that he took seriously to Bach. Wherefore, his early patrons—some of them—croaked and shook their heads.

As a discerning writer has remarked: 'Sarasate was no mere executant, though his command of his instrument was exceptional in its perfection. He was no industrious, patient worker who had laboriously acquired technique. His playing had that marvellous inspiration which eliminated all suggestion of manual effort, and conveyed only the message music should always give—that of purity and truth. He never debased his art, and never pandered to popular taste. Though possessed of a talent which placed him high above his musical contemporaries, he was never anything but the modest and retiring man, proud of the esteem of the world, but never taking it as his due.'

On the whole, we think that Sarasate's exceptional hold on the British public was due to his romantic fire, his exquisite silvery tone, his perfect intonation and his inimitable address.

M. Colonne played Chopin's 'Marche Funèbre' on the evening of the 22nd, at the Queen's Hall, in memory of the great artist.

Of his works some are hardly known, but we may note: 'Romance,' op. 7; 'Souvenir de Domont,' op. 8; 'Le Sommeil,' op. 11;



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By his will, Sarasate left his piano, two Antonio Stradivari violins, and 25,000 francs to the Pampeluna Academy of Music, and 30,000 francs for the Pampeluna poor, one Antonio Stradivari violin to the Paris Conservatoire, and 20,000 francs for endowing a prize, also 100,000 francs to the Madrid Conservatoire.

As Sarasate was an officer of the Legion of Honour, military honours were accorded him at the funeral by a company of the 49th Infantry Regiment.

### French Violinist in London.

M. Emile Sauret, the famous French violinist, has decided to make London his permanent home. It will be remembered that M. Sauret left England a few years ago in response to a tempting offer from the Chicago Musical College. He returned to Europe during the summer, and, while seeking a suitable residence, he appeared once or twice at concerts. M. Sauret has chosen Sandringham Court, Maida Vale, for his home and studio.

Señor Sarasate has died a millionaire, according to French and Spanish computation. The details of his will show that he left an estate amounting to three million francs (£120,000). He leaves to each of his sisters £50,000, and the Paris and Madrid Conservatoires each receive a Stradivarius and £4,000 for the foundation of prizes. The Villa Navarra, at Biarritz, is bequeathed to Mlle. Goldschmidt, his art collections and furniture to his native town of Pampeluna, while his valet receives £2,000 and his cook £400.

### Sunset.

Great purple clouds around the setting sun,  
Long streaks of rosy light,  
Tells that his daily course is nearly run,  
And usher in the night.  
A hush, and stillness now descends on all.  
Nature prepares to rest.  
And, as we watch the solemn shadows fall  
Across the Downs' soft breast,  
We thank God for His loving, tender care,  
Who gives us light and beauty all may share.

E. A. HILL.

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## Impressions.

### No. 1. A Tirade.

By JOSEPH HOLBROOKE.

THE 'Musical League,' lately floated, ought to flourish. I have my doubts of musical leagues, for musicians seem to agree so well to differ that a league of such people would be highly diverting, but hardly instructive!

The committee that was formed of the 'Musical League' contains good names, but when one comes to examine very carefully the estimate of the gentlemen, it is found that the two prime movers, or ministers, are for the most part out of the country the bulk of the year. It is hard to imagine what judgment or satisfaction is to be gained by the 'League' if one 'chairman' is in France and the other in Rome. But, as I stand outside all these little schemes, I am able to see a little more than my neighbours who have their optics well occupied by their friends' virtues and their own. It is sad to be such a suspicious individual, but I have an instinctive fear of 'cliques,' and a short sojourn in the worst of cities (for that curse), Birmingham, has thoroughly cured me of belonging to any league or society whatsoever, which has for its object the banding together of musicians. Someone must be top-dog! and always the most objectionable person succeeds in getting himself there.

But the 'League of Music' started with much encouragement from our daily press, including the 'Daily Telegraph' and other good papers, and such mediums should bring all the eager ones together and the lackadaisical, of which there are many. One hopes that too many societies cannot be but for the betterment of music in this country. The wholesale run of the provinces, which I believe

was the principal object of this league, was not, to many of us a very successful undertaking. The provincial festivals have been for years worked, many of them, with a great deal of difficulty by men who have lived in their festival towns very many years, and it has not been any light task to engineer these great functions, even then, with any wonderful financial success. What shall be hoped then of new leagues and new intentions? Principal among these would be the propagation of none but moderns: modern music in the night and modern music in the morning, not to say the same in the afternoon in this dear old isle of Great Britain. Much as I love the idea, I have doubts.

A vigorous committee was formed but it seems withal the movement does not spread. Perhaps too much modern art of the non-choral and chromatic type fails to tempt our timid amateurs, which is natural, for we ourselves often spend a dreadful time listening to the formalities of the would-be Strauss, who has not the gift for chromatic harmony and never will have ('Thank God' says Joseph Bennett and his disciples). I understand that the 'League of Music' has not received the benediction of our weird and wonderful music 'schools of music' or their authorities, but that some of our still more weird music critics are waiting with their venom and stop-valves to greet the 'modern works,' which may or may not receive a hearing through this medium.

There can not be too many 'leagues of music' for me, for it shows a great and laudable love of music is coming about among our people, and this is a serious matter, for are we not struggling under the most complicated government Old England has ever seen or heard of? Except (of course there is always an exception), the poor quavering souls and shadows Oliver Cromwell had to manipulate.

This love of music is like to cause much uneasiness if things progress like this. It is altogether untoward, this huge encouragement of Native Art. The instance of the Promenade Concerts, where they are very fond of continental art (which is not returned), giving us something like six novelties from our young men is unheard of. It is beyond a joke; think of the tax on our fine race, think of the like tax on the fine orchestra Mr. Henry Wood commands! The preparation of these novelties will entail vast outlay, mostly in patience and slavery by the composer, I imagine, on his orchestral parts.

It will be a very long time before our music lovers give Mr. Thomas Beecham his great due in bringing forward such a heap of modern art at his orchestral festivals. I am sure all our

critics will be only too pleased to agree with me in this assertion. Such work as Mr. Delius is capable of, takes the finest musician trained to give a reading of, leave alone a rendering. Our silly University students who ape their music 'science' have not a ghost of knowledge regarding modern works. Reger, Boeche, Delius, Debussy, Dukas, etc., have all existed in vain for such people; it is a great pity. It may not be all great art, in many cases it is not, but it is needful to know what is going on, besides hugging their friend Johannes Brahms (very often a dull person) to their bosoms.

The 'Musical League' is a grand project for a millionaire to float, but it would have to take a great time before things could be sufficiently prosperous to command a large orchestra. Our very great artist, Mr. Thomas Beecham, I am glad to say is on the committee; so that it may yet be possible to round things up for a trial festival in one of the provincial towns. It would be a great idea if the artists were able to bring forth new works which would benefit themselves and the audience, instead of giving them to the publishers under our present conditions. It is little use festivals being given, if charities, and charities only, are to be the beneficiaries. So many young artists have recently come to me regarding their steps at publishing their own work, which is the best thing they could do. If they have a small capital, I have been able (like our fine friend Mr. Runciman) to give some spanking advice to them, for have I not experienced all the wicked wiles of publishers? God-wot I have, and that in this dear old isle, this sweet old isle of Great Britain. Good fortune attend the 'New League.'

## Max Reger.

### I. Sonatas for Violin, Violoncello and Piano.

By E. A.

I PROPOSE writing a series of articles dealing with the chamber compositions of Max Reger, a composer unaccountably neglected in this country.

A few gallant efforts have been made, notably by Joseph Holbrooke, the Nora Clench Quartet, and Ernest Sharpe, to make his chamber music known, but apart from the work of these pioneers, little has been done to introduce to the public the greatest existing musical force of the day. I do not write with the expectation that any articles of mine may produce a wider recognition of Reger's genius



at concerts in England, but with the hope that the real music-lover may be brought into touch with something he may have been seeking without success, opening out new fields to him and paths never before contemplated. In this article, No. 1, I deal with the sonatas for violin and piano, for violoncello and piano, and those for solo violin. The list is as follows:—

For violin and piano.				
Op. 1	1st Sonata	(D minor)	Augener.	
" 3	2nd "	(D major)	"	
" 41	3rd "	(A major)	Universal Edition.	
" 72	4th "	(C major)	Lauterbach & Kuhn.	
" 84	5th "	(F sharp minor)	"	
For 'cello and piano.				
Op. 5	1st Sonata	(F minor)	Augener.	
" 28	2nd "	(G minor)	Universal Edition.	
" 78	3rd "	(F major)	Lauterbach & Kuhn.	
Op. 42 4 Sonatas for solo violin Universal Edition.				
" 91	7 "	"	Lauterbach & Kuhn.	

For a composer's first published works, the sonatas for violin in the Augener edition show uncommon force, sound musicianly feeling, and a grip of the essentials of real good art, indeed rare in early productions. They are modelled on Brahms, and give hints of Reger's later overwhelming technique. Serious in feeling, almost to harshness, crude, rugged, mal-formed as they are, they never descend from a certain fixed high standard, and never fall away to the making of the slightest concession that a young composer is so apt to make. There is no tentative groping for a distinct personality, no apparent apprenticeship to the trade; the technique of writing, on which all the later works are based, stands boldly there, innate and unstudied. The melody is sparse, inclined to heaviness and to sweetness, such as a late Rheinberger might have written, but there is ample evidence of that obtuse quality of originality that was to become, later on, one of Reger's most recognisable characteristics.

These two sonatas are interesting, not so much for their inherent beauty as for the rare example of a man starting upon his passionate and divergeless quest, an absolute master-artist. Puny in scope though they appear when compared to the massive later sonatas, they are, nevertheless, far above the average quality of a young composer's first works. Indeed, since the death of Brahms, one looks around in vain for another example of absolute unswerving aim towards the carrying-out of self-imposed ideals of so high a flight in all forms of music, from the initial work up to the last in hand.

With these two, the first 'cello sonata, op. 5, may also be classed, as, in the main, presenting the same characteristics. We find in this

work of Reger's a struggle to emancipate himself from the fetters of the Brahms convention, a titanic effort to free himself from the bonds that still bind him around, and for this reason the work is probably the most interesting—from the point of view of evolution—and instructive of the set. It is revolutionary, somewhat chaotic, technically very difficult. The Adagio is one of the finest he ever wrote, lofty in feeling, and more grateful for the stringed instrument than usual, whilst the last movement is a riot of brilliancy. This sonata was doubtless inspired by the F major of Brahms for the same instrument, so strongly resembling the latter as it does, both in form and spirit.

One cannot over-estimate the importance of this op. 5 amongst Reger's sonatas, standing at the turning point of his method and at the commencement of a new phase in his writing for piano and solo string instrument.

The 'cello sonata in G minor, op. 28, cannot be called an absolute success. It is overloaded, without adequate result, laboured, and wanders away too frequently from the point. Reger had certainly got free away from any influence, but the direction he was ultimately to take is not yet in view, and this sonata finds him in the back-waters, indefinite in purpose or expression, avowedly uninspired. One movement only out of the four can be said to have been realized, and that is the Scherzo. The others, though stamped with his power of variety in clothing his musical phrases, do not strike a final note. With the appearance of the 3rd violin sonata we come upon another totally different world. Though there are passages of rarer loveliness in the later compositions in this form, none is so full of consistent beauty, nor carried through in such absolute unity of spirit. It is not so troubled in atmosphere, far more lyrical in quality, and softer, as though caught up in a yielding moment of tenderness; the outpouring of beauty for its own sake.

It stands as a typical example of Reger's middle period, the time that begat so many of the finest songs and piano music. There is none of the striving Promethean effort of the early productions, nor yet the excursions into the limitless unknown that he made later on in life. Here he is sure of himself, and the long gushes of melody, the rock-like themes, relieved with snatches of the true Reger devilment, the fine laying-out for violin, and the tempered and not overbearing writing for piano, go to make what should rightly be held as his most perfect sonata.

The three remaining sonatas, op. 72, 78 and 84, may be considered as combining together all

the qualities of Reger's late manner, the mood in which he writes to-day, and as instances of his regeneration of sonata composition. The process through which he went in his early works finds its culminating point in these works, and it would seem that he has attained in these later productions, that after which he has been striving. Frankly, they remain unique in the history of sonatas. Broadly speaking, they are notable for two features, not before apparent, the use of variations and the influence of Bach.

It is useless to judge these works by any accepted theory of modulation or tonality; they ruthlessly set all known standards at defiance, and justify the absolutely new speech by inherent strength, conviction and veracity. It has been stated that the study of these late sonatas entails sheer mental and oral pain, that the man has wilfully thrown together, haphazard, all that is most strange and distressful, but a graduated and attentive study of Reger through all the stages of his development, will reject such a theory, and grant the later products to be a natural and necessary outcome.

Of the three late sonatas, the op. 72 in C major is the one that proves the hardest of assimilation, even for the initiated. A full analysis of it would take up too much space, and could, when done, give but a bare idea of its real significance; it must be studied first-hand. It consists of four movements, the opening and final Allegros, of which are of tremendous force and individuality, containing some massive climaxes. The second and third movements consist of a Prestissimo Scherzo, full of Reger's demoniac eccentricity, and a long-drawn Largo, where the love of variation and amplification of the original melody is greatly apparent. The whole work abounds in passages of simple and expressive melody, and the sonata ends on heights which the composer himself attained but rarely.

The 'cello sonata, op. 78, requires a 'cellist of no mean capabilities and a leonine tone to stand up against such piano writing and in a battle so unequal. The second movement, Vivacissimo, has all the finality of Beethoven. For the first time in sonatas, Reger here shows his power in the treatment of variations. Again in the violin sonata, op. 84, Reger uses this form, which shows him at his greatest. Like Brahms, he is capable of so juggling with time and rhythm as to obtain, as a variation of the original theme, a new and individual melody. This creation *within* the creation is only possible to the greatest composers, and a typical instance of it may be found in variations 4 and 12 of the 2nd book of

Paganini variations by Brahms, and Nos. 6 and 7 in the F sharp minor sonata by Reger. In this series of variations, Reger plumbs all the depths of his theme, draws every scrap possible out of it, and terminates the work with a typical, energetic, articulate fugue (such as he only can write), combining at the climax, on the last page, the theme on the violin with the fugue on the piano, in a maze of chords, a piece of astounding technical skill. The enemies of Max Reger—there are many—those who deny him the capacity of writing melody both simple and beautiful, should be brought to knees once for all if confronted only by the Allegretto of this sonata alone, and the lovely dreamy variation 7 of the last movement.

I would advise all interested in the reflections of modern thought and feeling in music, to study the work of Max Reger, but would urge that the start be made on the early work, and not an attempt to assimilate the strong meat of the late sonatas till a knowledge of the early ones be acquired. But the student who approaches Reger must not expect to be rewarded at once. Granted modern learning and advanced technical skill—which latter is essential—much attentive, even painful study will be necessary for his complete appreciation. At first trial he will probably be left in bewilderment with the sensation that a blow has been struck at the basis of all music, a feeling of incoherence and inconsequence never experienced before. The music will repel him, appear ugly, discordant, without a point on which to hang any accepted harmonic theory. The harmonies and progressions alone are so difficult to assimilate, so strangely new, that the first step is to accustom the ear to them.

Yet the student will be fascinated by this stubborn monster, and gradually, with patience, as the ear becomes trained to the idiom, the enormous strength and originality of the music will grow upon him, and stifle the feeling of repulsion he felt initially, and as the interest and recompense increases, the work will fall almost naturally into line, and grow to be a thing of import and magnitude. In form Reger is classical. Unlike most moderns, he is not forced to change his form in order to attain an advance. His themes are masculine, heavy with meaning; they are no mere Strauss-snippets of phrases cunningly and gloriously linked together, but broad, sweeping, figures, vital and convincing. The string part, at a first glance, often gives the impression that it is of but secondary importance. It may appear to lack cohesion, to be non-essential, but closer study will reveal that

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'Short Studies on Great Subjects,' 3 vols., bound in cloth. 7/6. Box A.

## Answers to Correspondents.

The Editor will be pleased to answer questions in anyway relating to music, the string world or its personalities. All letters to—The Editor, 'The Cremona,' No. 11, Cursitor Street, E.C.

POSITIVE.—Yes, you are right, the stereotypes exist, and the book has been recently re-issued in a commonish format, worth about 5/-.

GRUMBLER, Preston.—As soon as we get sufficient subscribers to warrant the expenditure we shall do as you suggest. Why not get your orchestral members to subscribe?

P. G. L.—We are sorry 'Bow' plates have been irregular. This will be remedied at once.

PERMANENT.—Most colour flies in varnish a bit. Why not read Fry's book on varnishes, 5/- nett. Stevens & Son, Chancery Lane.

BOW HAIR.—You can clean bow hair with petrol, only be careful as to temperature and nearness to anything in the nature of a light. But, if you have used the bow incessantly for two years, get it re-haired at once.

I. C. S.—We do not know the 'Mougenot' fiddles, but Rudall Carte, of 23, Berners Street, W., are the agents for them.

P. G. C., Bromley.—If you had noticed this column at all regularly, you would have seen our advise to another enquirer. If your teacher will not tell you what commission he gets from the dealer, leave him at once, and don't take his instrument. It is usual, since the passing of the recent act, for the invoice to state the amount paid by the dealer to the professor for his introduction and trouble.

V. B., Beckenham.—There are many ways of softening the tone of an instrument, but muting is the most usual. There are several different mutes, which differ as to the amount of tone muted. Personally we prefer the all vulcanite ones, as being softer and not spoiling the quality of tone. Although you say not mute, we mention this as it does not seem to be generally known that mutes differ very much in effect. A very simple method is to insert a coin under the D and A strings (below the bridge), and over the G and E. To alter the height of the bridge will materially affect the tone. The most definite alteration can be effected by moving the sound post, but we strongly advise you not to do this, except with expert advice. You could also get a lighter set of strings, this would probably have the desired effect.

P. L. & E. C.—We rarely pass a month but we get enquiries about Strads which are beautifully labelled and even branded. Rest assured that your instrument is a modern one after Stradivari. The genuine label, by the way, does not have a v in it, but a u.

N. R., Newport.—Why not send up the instrument? and get a reliable opinion for a few shillings from a well-known expert.

A. E. R. L., Tunbridge Wells.—We cannot answer the first part of your letter, as it deals with the trade. (2) We do not know any contralto songs with violin obligato, but why not transpose say, 'Beauties Eyes' or 'Angels Guard Thee'?

LEOPOLD, Burnley.—The recent hot damp spell has been very trying to strings. One harpist gave up in the Queen's Hall a few nights ago. 'Better times are coming,' as the stockbroker's say. We find strings made from English gut far the most durable. Eschew, the German article, it is hard and scratchy. Italian are all right if you have plenty of the 'necessary,' they break quicker than any, especially the tested ones.

C. B. C.—The pieces you mention are extremely difficult, and only suited to a virtuoso.

BARNY, B.—Try Sevcik method (Bosworth), three or four parts.

LIEUTENANT.—For India special glue is used, and the whole case enveloped in an air-tight steel case, otherwise your instrument will suffer badly, and may fall to pieces.

B. M., Chiswick.—Murdoch & Co., Hatton Garden, publish a catalogue of the kind you want. It is 3d. or 4d., post free.

AMATEUR, S. K.—Amati, probably about £100.

SALE PRICE.—Schweitzer was a maker, of Buda-Pesth, about 1800. (2) Rather hard tone, but brilliant. (3) Varnish, yellowish spirit. (4) About £10, but depends on state.

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it is in reality bound up indissolubly with the general scheme.

It must not be supposed that Reger deals merely with the science of music; there are passages of lasting loveliness in these sonatas, heightened by that obtuse quality of originality which is the special germ of his genius. All subtleties of emotion are to be found in these works; the grotesque, the moody, the querulous and repulsive, the brutal, tender and passionate.

They are outpourings of a volcanic musical mind, discovering possibilities of expression hitherto undreamed of, examples of an enormous creative energy with unlimited technical resource for background.

I have left the eleven solo violin sonatas to the last (and here I may also mention the 'Suite in the old style,' though for violin and piano), because they stand apart from the others both in form and treatment.

They are founded upon the great Bach models, and are worthy to stand beside them. They form a fine tribute to the memory of the old master, though they are far from being mere slavish imitations of him. They are absorbingly interesting works, very full in writing, and evince a fine feeling for the special possibilities of the instrument. They are dedicated to Burmester, Halir, and other masters of the great classical school, and have been played in Germany by them.

These sonatas for solo violin are written in the accepted modes, the Chaconne, Courante, Canon, Prelude, Fugue, etc.

Perhaps no sterner test could be applied to a composer than the writing of solo string sonatas, and that Reger should have succeeded in a form so difficult and so limited of range, is alone sufficient to place him amongst the greatest of composers.

## The Music of Ireland.

"MR. ARTHUR DARLEY, delivered in Dublin, an interesting lecture on 'Irish Music.' In the course of which Mr. Darley said:—All of us who are interested in the history of our country are aware of the great antiquity of musical art in Ireland. In the Annals of the Four Masters and other historical works occur many passages to show that music flourished in our country from the earliest times, and the records of foreign historians also prove a similar fact. That the Irish harpers were universally celebrated and respected is beyond doubt, and for very many centuries they flourished in Ireland.

The extent of the skill in music of these

harpers of old must have been very great. We can form some opinion of it from the history of those times. It shows us the harpers skilled in all branches of musical art, for their education was long and complete—skilled as masters of composition, extemporisation, and in the 'three great feats.' The 'three great feats' of the harp, the old historians tell us, were the Galtraighe—the affecting or sorrowful strain; the Geantraighe—the exhilarating or martial strain; and the Suantraighe—the sleep disposing or soothing strain; and the harpers, before being permitted to perform in public, had to prove their proficiency in all these. Coming to more recent times—to the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries—we have the records of writers and historians to prove that notwithstanding internal disputes, wars, and famine, and the miseries following in their train, still music flourished in the land. But from the commencement of the fourteenth century we can trace the rapid extinction of the great old school of Irish music. True, our harpers still existed, for Irish music could never die; but their commanding position, their glorious traditions, were fading. For centuries the honoured of kings and the pride of a nation, they were now hardly tolerated by the usuper. Laws were enacted against them for it was evident to the English that, possessing the wonderful power they did over a romantic people, the extinction of the bards and harpers was most desirable and necessary. In 1367 the Statute of Kilkenny made it a penal offence to give them any form of entertainment, nor were they allowed to enter the English Pale under pain of imprisonment; and in the reign of Henry VI powers were granted to the Law Officers in Ireland to imprison the harpers, and also to appropriate to themselves the gold, silver, instruments, and all other property the harpers were found possessed of, and in the reign of Elizabeth, permission was given to hang the harpers. Notwithstanding those barbarous measures, our music rose triumphant, and to these troublous times we owe many of our most inspired airs. But the end was approaching. After a glorious struggle for liberty the ancient nobility of Ireland were forced to seek in a foreign land that which was denied them in their own. In 1607 there sailed from Rathmullen the two great Princes—O'Neil, and O'Donnell—and with them went the heart's blood of a nation. Now we see our music fighting for very existence, for, with the exodus of the nobility and the impoverishment of the Irish who were permitted to remain, the old art rapidly declined.

(To be concluded.)

## You Remember.

### Song.

Love! 'tis the time of roses! you remember  
 The blissful hours together months ago?  
 When through the bronzing woods in sweet  
 September,  
 We two went wandering in the sunset glow.  
 Not many roses then, but purple heather,  
 Gold tinted bracken, and the pale hare-bell,  
 Made Nature glad, while you and I together,  
 Walked hand in hand down the dim forest  
 dell.  
 Now, 'tis the time of roses! Say you love me,  
 That your heart burns as doth this red  
 flower's heart,  
 Swear by the earth, the stars, the sky above  
 me,  
 That you are faithful, that we need not  
 part!  
 For the earth glows with beauty, and the  
 sunlight  
 Flows over everything to warm and cheer,  
 But what is this to me unless the lovelight  
 From thy dear eyes, shine to dispel my  
 fear?

E. A. HILL.

## Cut Leaves.

'The Sanity of Art: An Exposure of the Current Nonsense about Artists being Degenerate.' By Bernard Shaw. *The New Age Press*, 140, Fleet Street, London. 1908. Mottled wrapper, pp. iv and 106. Sm. 8vo., 1/- nett, or in cloth, t.e.g., 2/- nett.

'The Sanity of Art' is amusing journalese, but we doubt whether it was worth republishing, as the book of which it is an *exposé*, 'Degeneration' (Nordau), died a decent death some years ago. However, it is the fashion to collect all the crumbs which fall from Shaw's table and re-issue them—the author conniving. So the B.P. must be grateful. It was written in 1895, to order, for Mr. Tucker, a philosophic anarchist, and then editor of a paper called 'Liberty,' published in America. It is, therefore, well out-of-date, but G.B.S. supplies a preface which is quite readable. One regrets that Shaw is completely without the symbolic sense or the higher faculties of spirituality, for then, assuredly, he would have produced great work. As it is, he just misses it, except in such tirades as this under review, when he essays with brilliant success to bang over a ninepin in his dissecting room style. Incidentally, the book defends impressionism in paint, Wagnerism in music, Isbenism *ça va sans dire*, the indispensability of law, and Protestant anarchism amongst other things. It is written in G.B.S.'s best American, e.g., 'Tschaiowsky,' 'pled,' 'color,' 'net,' 'Shakespear.' On the whole, we think the author in this essay writes what he believes. Generally we observe that he is engaged in parodying what he might believe, and consequently no one believes in him, which is possibly what he wishes. In his defence of Wagnerism he appends a note on Strauss (Richard,

of course), which seems to us worth quoting. 'Every critic, nowadays, is thoroughly inured to descriptive and dramatic music, which is not only as independent of the old decorative forms as Strauss's, but a good deal more so, for Strauss lives on the verge of a barcarolle, and seldom resists a nursery tune for long.' The hostility to him may be partly due to the fact that by his great achievement of rescuing music from the realm of lights and wigs and stage armour, in which Wagner, with all his genius, dwelt to the last, and bringing it into direct contact with modern life, he was enabled in his 'Heldenleben' to give an orchestral caricature of his critics, which comes much closer home than Wagner's mediævally disguised 'Beckmesser.' But Strauss is denounced by men who are quite capable of laughing at themselves, who are sincere advocates of modern realism in other arts, and who are sufficiently good judges to know, for instance, that the greater popularity of Tschaiowsky is like the greater popularity of Rossini as compared with Beethoven nearly a century ago. That is the vogue of a musical voluptuary, who, though very pleasant in his lighter vein, very strenuous in his energetic vein, never attains, or never desires to attain, the elevation at which the great modern musicians from Bach to Strauss maintain themselves.'

This is Shaw at his most assumptive best, and it seems to us that he offers a gratuitous insult to Tschaiowsky.

He concludes, however, sanely enough by saying that 'the disagreeable effect which an unaccustomed discord produces on people who cannot divine its resolution is to blame for most of the nonsense now written about Strauss. Strauss's technical procedure involves a profusion of such shocks. But the disagreeable effect will not last. There is no longer a single discord used by Wagner of which the resolution is not already as much a platitude as the resolution of the simple seventh of Mozart and Meyerbeer. Strauss not only goes from discord to discord, leaving the implied resolutions to be inferred by people who never heard them before, but actually makes a feature of unresolved discords, just as Wagner made a feature of unprepared ones. Men who were reconciled quite late in life to compositions beginning with dominant thirteenth, fortissimo, find themselves disgusted now by compositions ending with unresolved tonic sevenths.'

'Programme Music in the Last Four Centuries; A Contribution to the History of Musical Expression.' London: Novello. By Frederick Niecks, M.D.

The criticism of art to-day is in a curiously mixed state. All that tells a story in painting is condemned, whilst in music some would have all 'programme music,' and some purely abstract music. In sculpture the illustration is the point debated. In architecture, 'does the building look its purpose.' The Reid Professor of Music, at the University of Edinburgh, has just written a work, and in which he makes out that all great composers have written 'programme music.' But many of the instances he gives are not strictly those which tell a story, e.g., the Tannhäuser Overture, which is abstract music indicative of struggle between humanity, sensual and spiritual.

It seems really that programme music has been the most effectual when it is either naive, comic or grotesque. But defenders of programme music state that the discovery of 'the baby-washing' in the 'Sinfonia Domestica' was the base invention of critics, and not that of the composer. (It would be interesting to hear Strauss's views on the subject). Perhaps they will also tell us that the 'sheep effect' in 'Don Quixote' was quite unintentional.

There seems no doubt whatever that a pageant of

characters in an instrumental composition betrays an absence of artistic sense of the highest kind. Beethoven has said that 'all painting in instrumental music, if pushed too far, is a failure,' and we may take that remark as having sprung from personal experience. Again, Mendelssohn refused to put titles to his 'Lieder Ohne Worte,' not because they expressed thoughts too indefinite for labels, but too definite. And so it should be with all great compositions. We have suffered much at the hands of programme-writers, who must find ear-tickling descriptions of the works to be performed before unmusical audiences; and any composer who admits that abstract music writing cramps his music, admits also his inferiority. It should be admitted that programme music is easier to write than abstract music. But to the educated listener to find this phrase tagged 'Heaven' and that 'Hell' is to confuse his critical and musical enjoyment, because instructively his own preconceived ideas clash with those of the composer, and distract his attention. As a musical critic once said, 'It is not by watching the various incidents of a story, but by concentrating the mind on the musical course of the work that an instructive habit of unconscious analysis is formed.' And who will doubt the value of such a habit?

'The Poetical and Dramatic Works of William Strode now First Collected and Edited' (and we may add published). By Bertram Dobell. London, 1907. (7/6).

The poems of William Strode (1602-45), a neglected song-writer, have been now first collected and edited, and Mr. Dobell is to be congratulated on his work of rescue from oblivion. In the elegies Strode shines brightest, but the 'Song of the Chimney Sweep' is probably the best in the book.

His 'Commendation of Musik,' of which we give the first stanza as a sample, is a beautiful lyric, and we hope some of the good things in this book will be set to music, e.g., 'When Orpheus sweetly did Complayne.'

When whispering straynes doe softly steale  
With creeping passion through the hart,  
And when at every touch wee feele  
Our pulses beate and beare a parte;  
When threads can make  
A heart-string shake,  
Philosophie.  
Can scarce deny,  
The soule consists of harmony.

## In the Woods.

Into the cool beech woods I wend my way,  
Through whose o'er-arching tops steal the  
sun's ray,  
Here all is peace, and rest and harmony.  
The tall green branches swing in the brisk  
breeze,  
The light comes softly filtering through the  
trees,  
And here for a brief while I am at ease.  
The cares and sorrows of this life flit by  
While to dear Mother Earth I draw me nigh,  
List her deep breathing, feel her throbbing  
sigh.

She wakes my soul to life of fuller tone,  
I lose the sense of strife and bitter moan,  
That fills the world while here I muse alone.

I feel the glamour of the mystic spell,  
She casts around the souls who love her well,  
But who this joy and ecstasy can tell?

Only into her worshippers—the few,  
She doth unfold her treasures ever new,  
And bids them read her secrets full and true.

E. A. HILL.

## Our Music Folio.

*Under this heading occasional reviews of Music will appear.*

Published by **Bosworth & Co.**, 5, Princes Street, Oxford Street, London, W.—

'Music, Song and Dance; a selection of Classic and Modern Compositions.' This is a noteworthy collection of music in one album, the contents of which are conveniently grouped into seven parts. Though principally designed for the piano soloist, one piano duet is given (overture 'Si j'étais Roi,' Adolf Adam). There are also songs and one vocal duet. The words are given in German and English, except in 'Diner-Waltz,' from 'Der Lebermann,' by Grünfeld, which are in German only. The 'Arie,' 'Caro mio ben!' has Italian and English words, and one other vocal number, 'Povera Rosa,' by Salvatore C. Marchesi, gives the verses in Italian, German and English. At the end of the album comes two contributions for violin and piano, 'Aubade,' by A. d'Ambrosio, and a Csárdás, 'Danse Hongroise,' by Jenő Hubay. The music is difficult, or moderately difficult. The album presents a choice selection from the great classic and modern masters, and should prove a favourite for excellence and variety. Nor must we omit to say how interesting and delightful are the sixteen portraits (which so appropriately preface the music), viz., of Boccherini, d'Ambrosio, Reinecke, Raff, Hermann, Borodine, Rachmaninoff, Arensky, Césaire Cui, Tchaikowsky, Per Lasson, Ed. Schütt, Heuberger, N. v. Wilm, Karl Komzák, and Alfons Czibulka. The headings of the table of contents are as follows:—I. Classic. II. Modern. III. Salon Music. IV. Opera and Operette. V. Dances—(a Waltzes, b Polkas, c Marches, d Various Dances), VI. Songs. VII. Piano and Violin.

'Archiduc Eugène,' March Triomphale pour piano, by C. Krafft-Lortzing. Price 4/- A fine, bold march in  $\frac{3}{4}$  and  $\frac{2}{4}$  time in the key of G. Not difficult, but presents plenty of tone. Price for orchestra 2/- nett, for salon orchestra 1/6 nett.

'Masquerade,' Diabolo Dance, for piano, by F. G. Byford. A bright and pretty little dance (in G) in  $\frac{3}{4}$  time. Attractive and easy. Price 2/- nett; also orchestra 2/- nett.

'Tendre Réponse,' for piano, by M. Victor. A charming 'companion' for the quiet 'hour.' The music is restful, and the left hand takes up a lovely melody. On the whole easy. Price 2/- nett; also for piano and violin 2/- nett, piano and violoncello 2/- nett, salon orchestra 1/6 nett.

'Wiegenlied,' Intermezzo, for violin and piano, by Franz Drdla, op. 33. Price 2/- nett. A simple and truly sweet slumber song that the violinist will enjoy. In the first and third positions.

'Ungarische Tänze' (Hungarian Dances), for violin and piano, by Franz Drdla, op. 30. These are



a set of four brilliant dances, they are difficult and require skilled performance. No. 1 'Hej de Fényes.' No. 2 'Hamis babám.' No. 3 'Eg a Kunyhó.' No. 4 'Hej, Haj!' Price 2/- each nett.

'The Ferryman,' words by Florence Hoare, music by Edward Watson. The words are given in English and German (Deutscher Text von C.Th.) Artistic, difficult. A song that will command notice. The 'Ferryman' here depicted is Death. His various ways of coming are told, and how kindly and beneficently he comes for some. In two compasses, No. 1 A to D. No. 2 B flat to E flat. Price 2/- nett.

'Spring Serenade' (Amongst the Flowers), words by Florence Hoare, music by Angelo Mascheroni. A joyous, pleasing song. The words are given in English and Italian. Compasses: No. 1 in F (B flat to E). No. 2 in A flat (B nat. to G). No. 3 in B flat (E nat. to A). Price 2/- nett. Also as piano solo or orchestra part, u. Stimmen. 2/- each arrangement nett. Salon orchestra 1/- nett.

'Forbearance,' words by Owen Meredith, music by Ella King-Hall. We need hardly say the words are splendid, though perhaps mystical. The music is most appropriate and satisfying. 'Get a copy of the song' we whisper to our readers. We here append the words for those who know them not.

Call me not, love, unthankful or unkind,  
That I have left my heart with thee and fled,  
I were not worth that wealth which I resigned,  
Had I not chosen poverty instead.

Leaving, I love thee best, I dare not swerve  
From my soul's rights, a slave tho' serving thee,  
I but forbear more nobly to deserve,  
The free gift only cometh of the free.

Compass, D flat to F. Price 1/6 nett.

'Hearts and Flowers,' words by Florence Hoare, music adapted from Alphonse Cizbulka. A very delightful love song, honest and true, portrayed by pretty allegory. In three compasses, No. 1 in D (B to F sharp). No. 2 in F (D to F). No. 3 in G (E to G). Price 2/- nett.

Published by **Gould & Co.**, 25, Poland Street, Oxford Street, W.—

'The Penguin's Parade,' Danse Fantaisique, for piano, by J. Airlie Dix. Very bright, pretty and attractive. Moderately easy. In  $\frac{3}{4}$  time. Price 3/-. Orchestra 1/- nett.

'Bergeronnette,' for piano, by Christian Schäfer, op. 44. An elegant 'morceau,' with continental fingering. Moderately difficult. Price 3/-.

'Brise D'Ete' and Danse Légère (Air de Ballet). Compositions for the pianoforte, by Wilfrid Sanderson. Price 3/- each. Attractive morceaux de salon. Difficult and moderately difficult respectively.

'The Passion Flower' Valse, for piano, by Henri Débrée. Bright, pretty and easy. In A flat. Price 2/- nett. Orchestra 1/- nett.

'Tis the Morn,' words by Edward Teschemacher, music by Noel Johnson (composer of the popular song 'Farewell to Summer'). A beautiful and high-toned song of trust and hope, faith and praise to the Divine being for His glorious gifts. The words are in English and German. The music is by a favourite composer, and is all one can desire. Price 2/- nett. In three compasses, No. 1 in E flat (B to E). No. 2 in F (C to F). No. 3 in A flat (original key), E to A.

'The Miller of Winchelsea,' words by J. Francis Barron, music by J. Airlie Dix. A bright, humorous ditty. In three compasses, No. 1 in C (low G to C). No. 2 in D (low A to D). No. 3 in E flat (original key) (B to E). Price 2/- nett.

'Doctor Dan,' words by Revd. F. Langbridge, music by Frank L. Moir. Another bright, enlivening song, with an unexpected end of pathos that draws out one's sympathy. In two compasses, No. 1 in G (B to D). No. 2 in A (original key) (C to E). Price 2/- nett.

'Two Roses,' words by Alfred H. Hyatt, music by Valentine Hemery. With a convenient separate sheet of the vocal score. A touching love song, and with a fine telling accompaniment. In three compasses, No. 1 in F (B nat. to D). No. 2 in A flat (D nat. to F). No. 3 in B flat (original key) (E to G). Price 2/- nett.

'Good Night, Dear Heart,' words by Frank Bentz, music by Henry E. Geehl. A short but very heart-whole love song of good wishes for the night's rest, and a contemplation of the day bringing the happy union. In three compasses, No. 1 in B flat (C to D). No. 2 in C (original key) (D to E). No. 3 in E flat (F to G). Price 2/- nett.

Published by **Breitkopf & Hartel**, 54, Great Marlborough Street, London, W.

'Sonaten und Partiten,' for the violin alone, by Joh. Seb. Bach, edited by Joseph Joachim and Andreas Moser. (Books 1 and 2). Here is a colossal work, and a veritable treasure-house for the artist and musician. The music presented in these two books is edited direct from Bach's manuscript, and thus 'is not based on any previous edition.' There are two staves to each line of music, the higher gives the reading of Joachim and Moser, while the lower (in smaller type) gives the original text. At the commencement of book 1 is a very interesting and comprehensive preface by Herr Moser (in German, French and English), in which, also, some hints and examples are given as to how various passages should be played. The two books of this great violin work are bowed, phrased and fingered throughout. The first book contains 29 pages, the second 37 pages, and there are five to eight lines on a page. But it is beautifully and clearly printed, and easy to read. Truly, with the aid of his able and sympathetic colleague, Joachim has left a legacy to the world of violinists, of which, we are sure, the present generation will neither be unmindful nor ungrateful, and to Herr Moser the grateful thanks of musicians are due for the completion and presentation of this great violin work after the death of the great 'master,' Joachim.

Published by **Charles Woolhouse**, 174, Wardour Street, London, W.

'The River,' words by James Thomson, music by J. Michael Diack. A short but sweet little love song, in which the river is appealed to to convey the lover's tender thoughts. The accompaniment is very pleasing and is of a 'flowing' character throughout. In two compasses, No. 1 in F (E to D or F). No. 2 in A flat (G to F or A flat). Price 1/6 nett.

Published by **Edwin Ashdown, Ltd.**, Hanover Square, London.

'Mosaics' (piano solos). Five easy musical sketches for young players, by Stepan Esipoff. This is a splendid little set of characteristic pieces for young learners, bringing to their notice different styles of playing in a very happy way. 'The Romp' is very stirring. The 'First Waltz' bright and delicate. The 'Harvest Song' and 'Barcarolle' are both delightful, and will not be readily tired of. The numbers are as follows:—No. 1 'A Romp.' No. 2 'Harvest Song.' No. 3 'The First Waltz.' No. 4 'Barcarolle.' No. 5 'Galopade.' Price 3/- each.





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